

No. 20  
AUG.  
SEPT.

Featuring **NERO FOX**  
THE JIVE-JUMPING EMPEROR OF ANCIENT ROME



# Leading COMICS



S'FUNNY—NO  
MATTER WHAT  
I DO—I CAN'T  
KEEP COOL!



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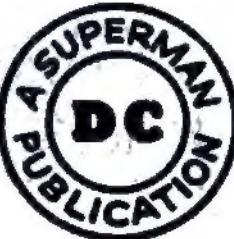
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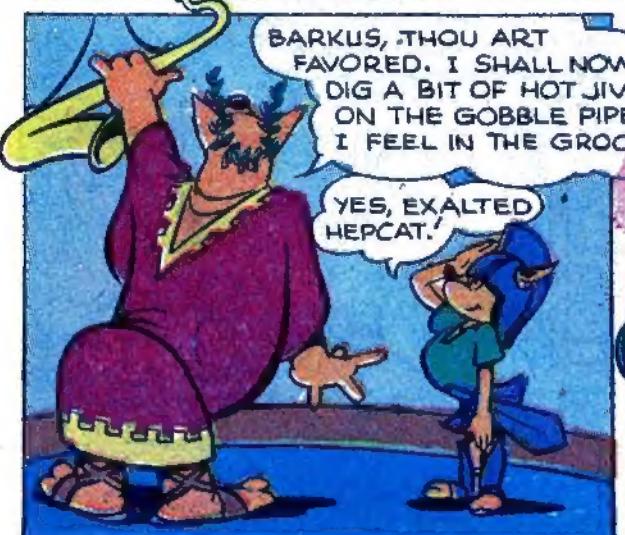
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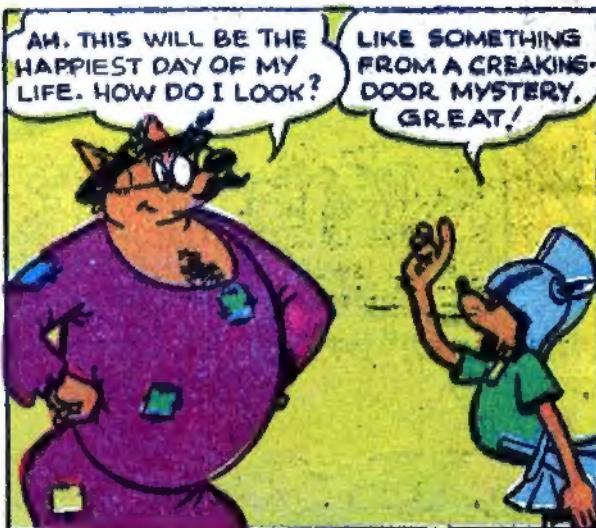
ACTION COMICS  
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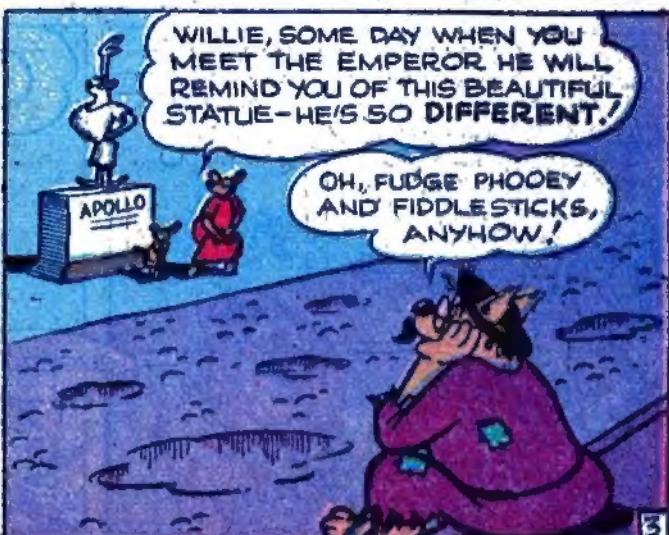
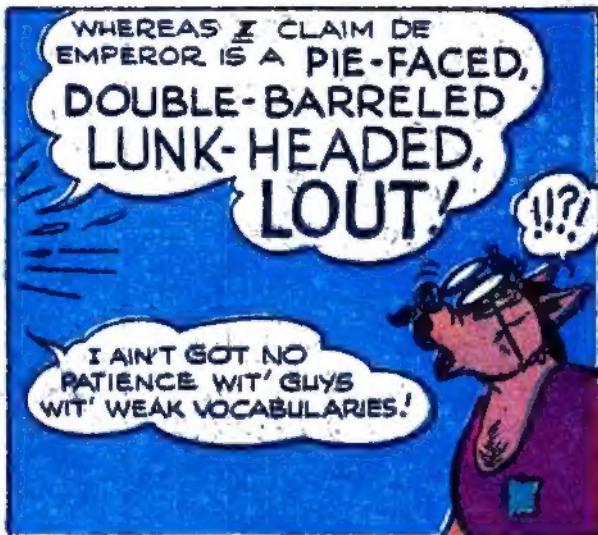
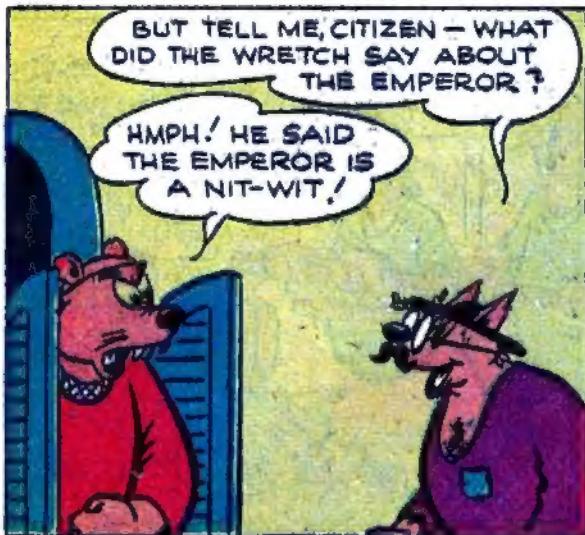


- ON THE COVER OF  
ALL-AMERICAN  
COMICS  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST  
IN ANY COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

# NERO FOX







I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED!  
WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW DIDN'T  
HURT ME!

THAT'S THE SIXTH  
CUSTOMER WE'VE  
MADE FOR NICK'S  
ROMAN BATHS!

YOW! BLUB!  
BLUB! WHY, THAT'S  
THE MISSUS!

CHUMP! CHUMP!

I'M SICK OF THIS - FED UP!  
I'LL RIDE HOME  
WITH THE  
MISSUS!

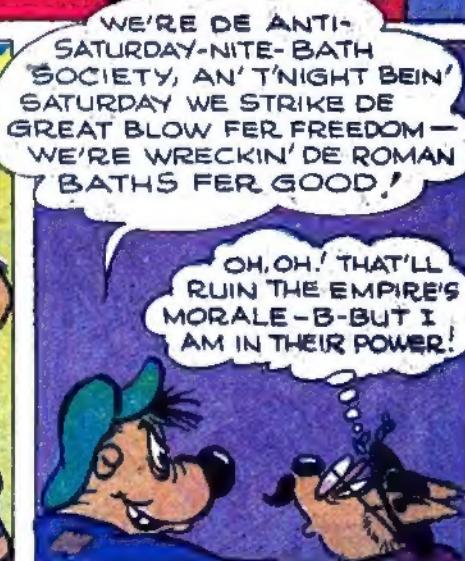
WELL, WELL, M'DEAR - WHAT SAY WE  
WHISK AWAY TO THE PALACE? AM  
I LATE FOR LUNCH?

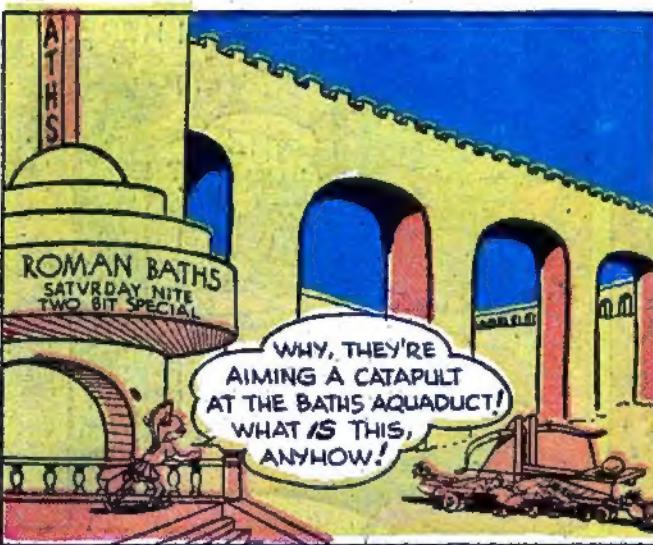
YEEEEEEEEK!  
A MUD  
POT - I MEAN A  
CRACK POT! GUARDS!  
GUARDS!

HALT! - KNOW YOU  
NOT THAT I AM,  
YOUR EMPEROR?

OWOOTCH!

EMPEROR, MY FOOT!  
SCRAMOLA!







AH! AN IDEA!



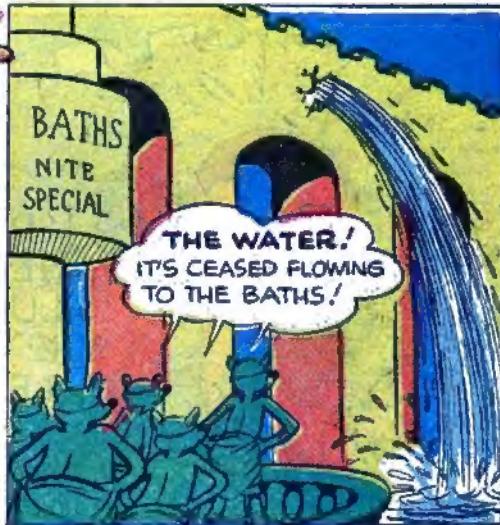
TAKE THAT,  
COWARDLY  
SOAP-  
DODGERS!

YOW! UGH!  
HALP.  
WE QUIT!



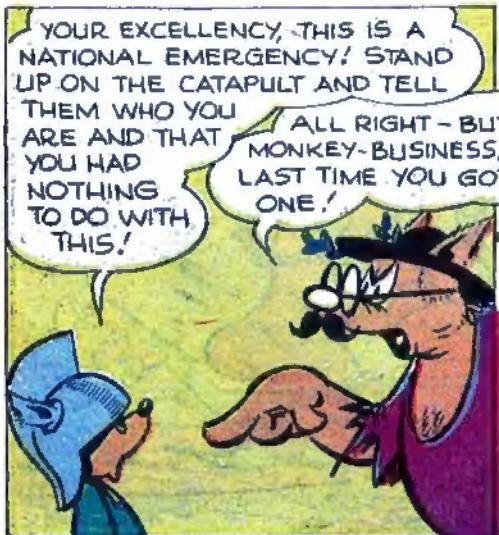
BATHS  
NITE  
SPECIAL

THE WATER!  
IT'S CEASED FLOWING  
TO THE BATHS!



YOUR EXCELLENCY, THIS IS A  
NATIONAL EMERGENCY! STAND  
UP ON THE CATAPULT AND TELL  
THEM WHO YOU  
ARE AND THAT  
YOU HAD  
NOTHING  
TO DO WITH  
THIS!

ALL RIGHT - BUT NO  
MONKEY-BUSINESS, LIKE THE  
LAST TIME YOU GOT ME ON  
ONE!

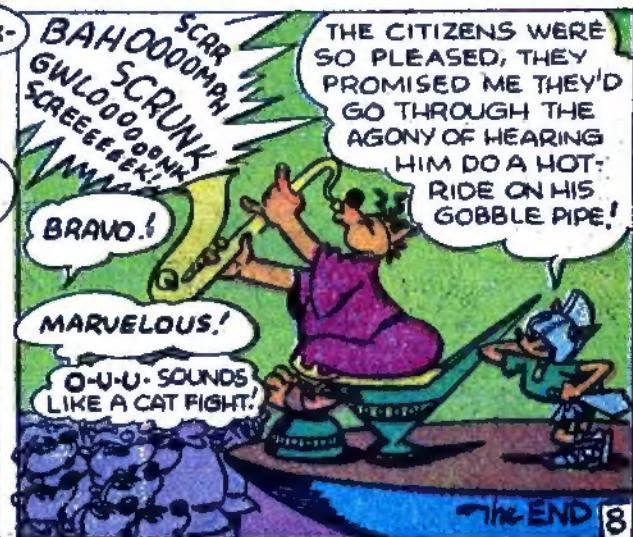
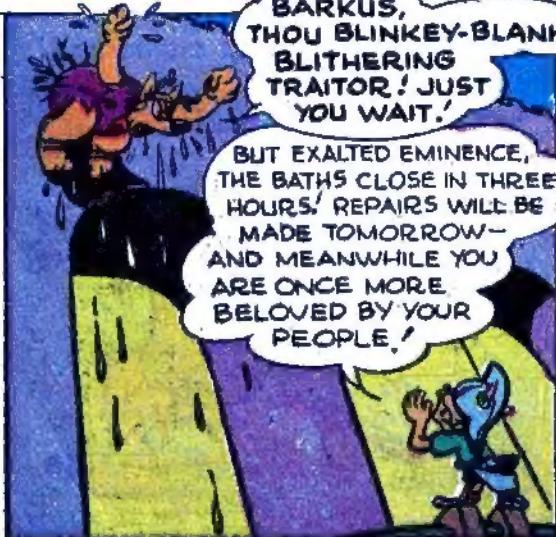


FRIENDS, ROMANS,  
COUNTRYMEN, I COME TO....

WE WANT THE  
WATER FIXED!

WHO IS YON  
RAGAMUFFIN,  
ANYHOW?





# Tommy Holmes

THE BOSTON BRAVES' OUTFIELDER WAS THE HITTER OF THE YEAR AND 1945 CHOICE OF "SPORTING NEWS" AS THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

"I EAT WHEATIES TOO!"

SLUGGING AT A .423 CLIP, HOLMES SET A NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD OF HITTING SAFELY FOR 37 GAMES. HE WAS STOPPED FINALLY BY HANK WYSE OF THE CHICAGO CUBS.

HOLMES IS KNOWN AS A TAILOR-MADE BATTER. HE TAUGHT HIMSELF TO HIT, AND HE GIVES YOU SOME VALUABLE HITTING TIPS IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" (OFFENSIVE PLAY) EDITED BY ETHAN ALLEN. WATCH YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOK. BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY!

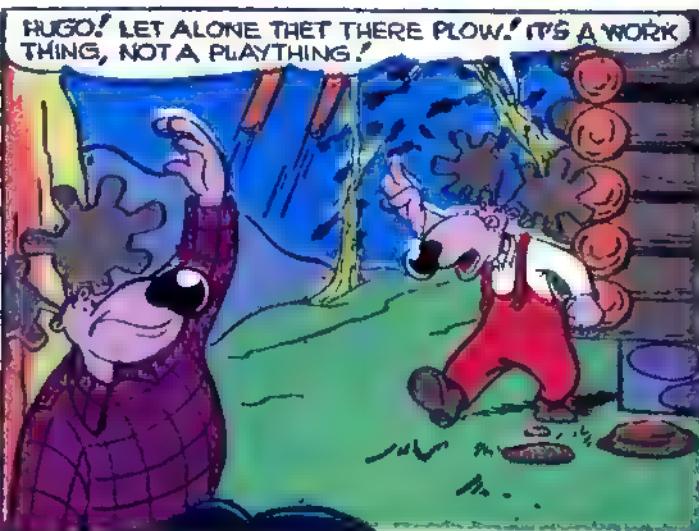
I HAD TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!

ONLY THREE POINTS BEHIND PHIL CAVARETTA FOR THE BATTING CHAMPIONSHIP, HOLMES TOOK MOST OF THE OTHER SWAT HONORS—LEADING IN HITS, TOTAL BASES, DOUBLES AND HOMERS. HE WAS THE ONLY BATTER IN THE MAJORS TO PUNCH OUT 200 HITS.

HARDEST MAN IN THE LEAGUE TO STRIKE OUT, HOLMES IS A GREAT JUDGE OF PITCHES. HE'S A GOOD JUDGE OF BREAKFAST, TOO. "I LIKE TO START MY MORNING MEAL WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,'" SAYS CHAMPION TOMMY HOLMES. "WHEATIES GIVE YOU GOOD NOURISHMENT AND PLENTY OF FLAVOR. BETTER GIVE 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' A TRY."



# HUGO HORNSPRED



SHUCKS! GUESS I'LL  
GO DOWN TO THE  
CANYON AND WADE  
IN THE RAPIDS!

AIN'T NO TELLIN'  
WHAT THAT YOUNG  
'UN WILL DO NEXT.

MEANWHILE, DOWN AT THE RAPIDS...

OKAY, FOLKS-ALL SET? NOW  
PUT SOME ACTION INTO IT!

OH, KIND SIR, MAKE HIM  
GIVE BACK THE PICKLE  
WORKS I INHERITED  
FROM UNCLE DILL!

STAND ASIDE,  
PAUL PINUPP,  
AFORE I LET DAY-  
LIGHT INTA YE!

HAVE A CARE,  
WILL WOLFE-I AM  
ADEPT AT  
FISTICUFFS!

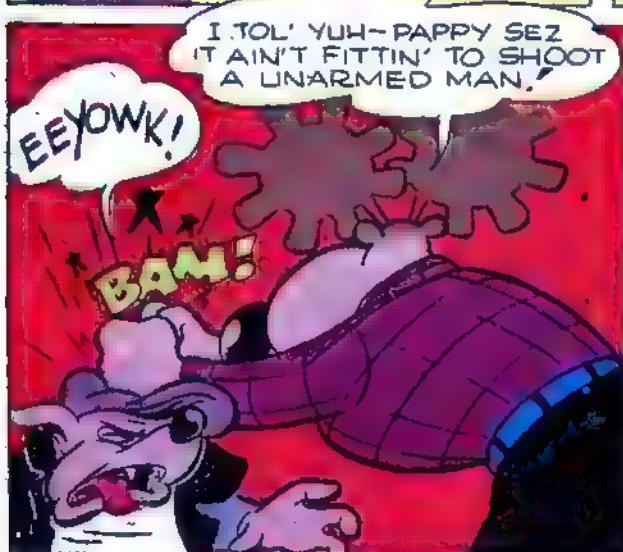
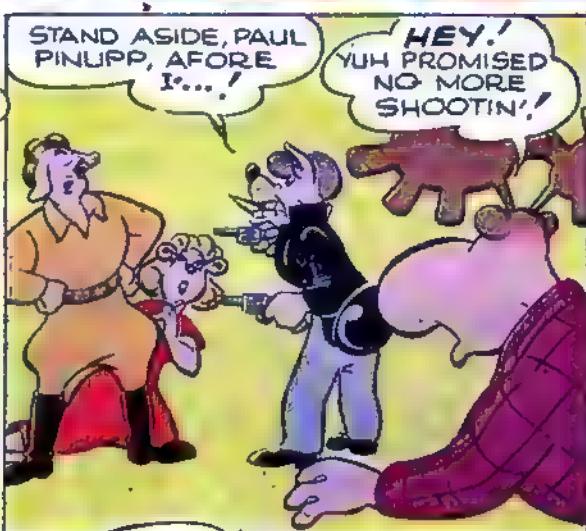
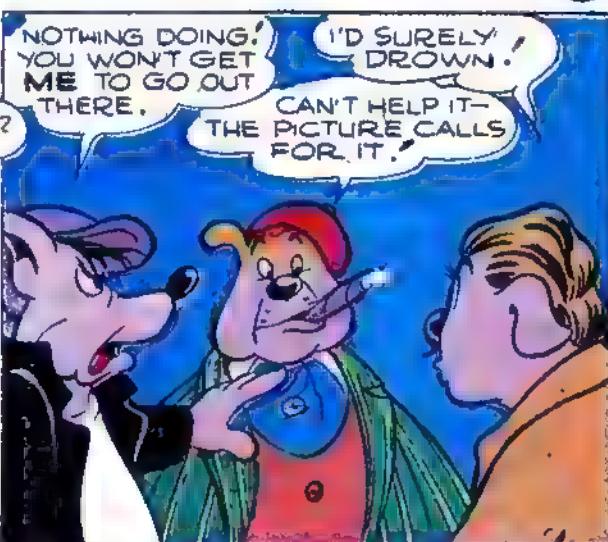
WH-WHY,  
LOOKIT THAT!

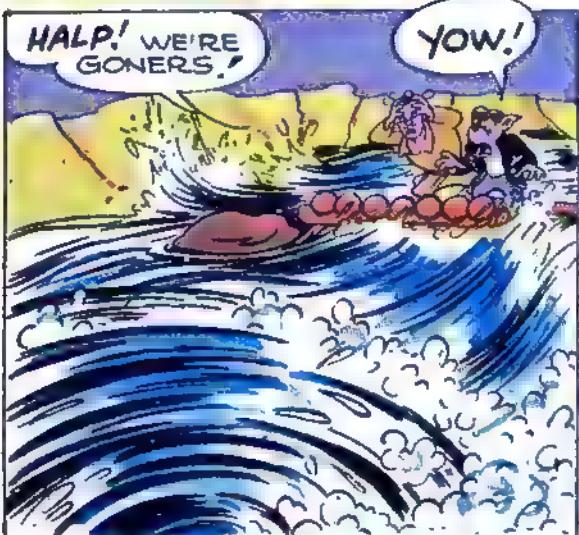
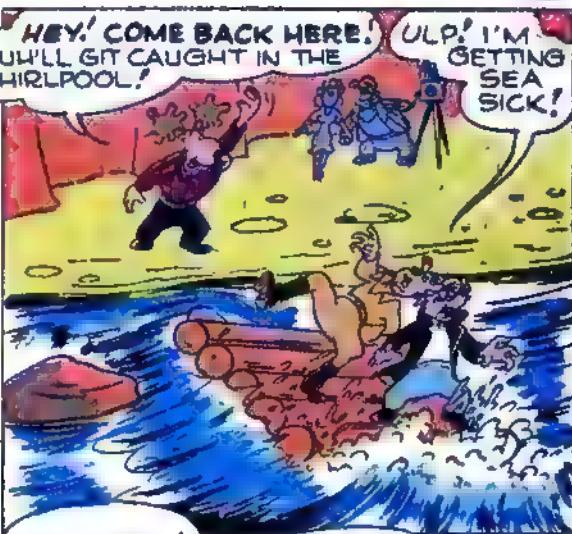
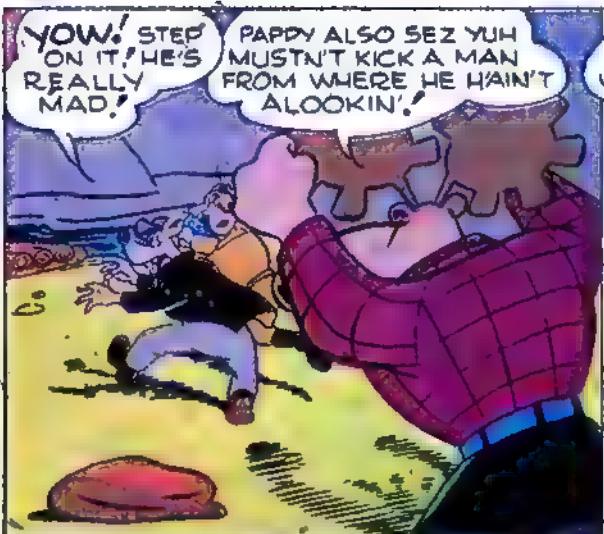
PAPPY SEZ IT'S BAD MANNERS  
T'SHOOT A BODY WOT'S  
UNARMED, MISTER!

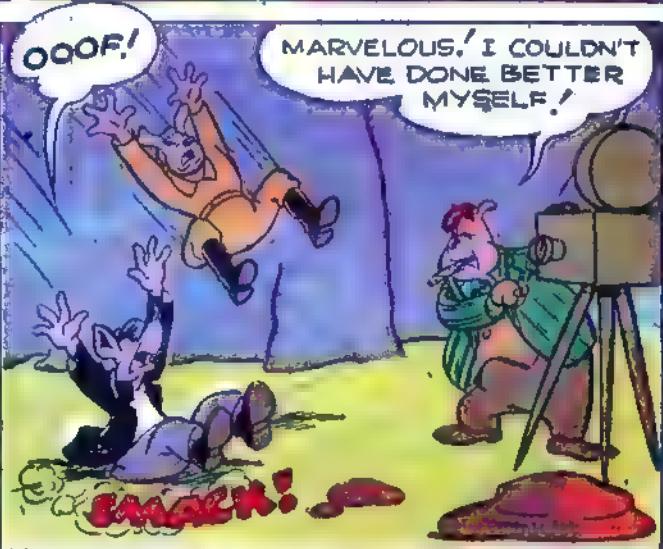
YOW!!

LOOK, YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG,  
LUNKHEAD! IT'S JUST A SCENE. THERE  
WON'T BE ANY  
WAL, AWRIGHT THEN.  
BUT YE GOT M'NAME WRONG-  
TAIN'T LUNKHEAD.. IT'S HORNSPRED!

SHOOTING?







OH BOY! MORE OF  
THOSE SWELL PICTURES  
THAT MOM PUTS ON  
YOUR CLOTHES WITH  
A HOT IRON!

# Swell New PRIZES!

EXCITING HOT-IRON TRANSFERS

ONE PRIZE IN  
EVERY PACKAGE  
OF KELLOGG'S  
SHREDDED WHEAT!



SAY, lookit that big old bear, and  
that shorty rhinoceros, and that  
cute Scotty! Golly, the kids will be  
bug-eyed when you have swell pic-  
tures like these right on your clothes.

It's easy to get these keen prizes.  
And mom can press them on sweat  
shirts, sport jackets, etc., with a hot  
iron. No fuss. They transfer clear  
and sharp, stand up through many  
laundrings.

No money, nothing to send in!

You get one of these dandy hot-iron transfers as a prize in every package of Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT. Nothing to mail, no waiting. You get your prize when you get your Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT.

P-s-a-t, this is for mom! Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT is swell food for energy—100 per cent whole wheat! Tastes like more, too. Look for the name "Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT."

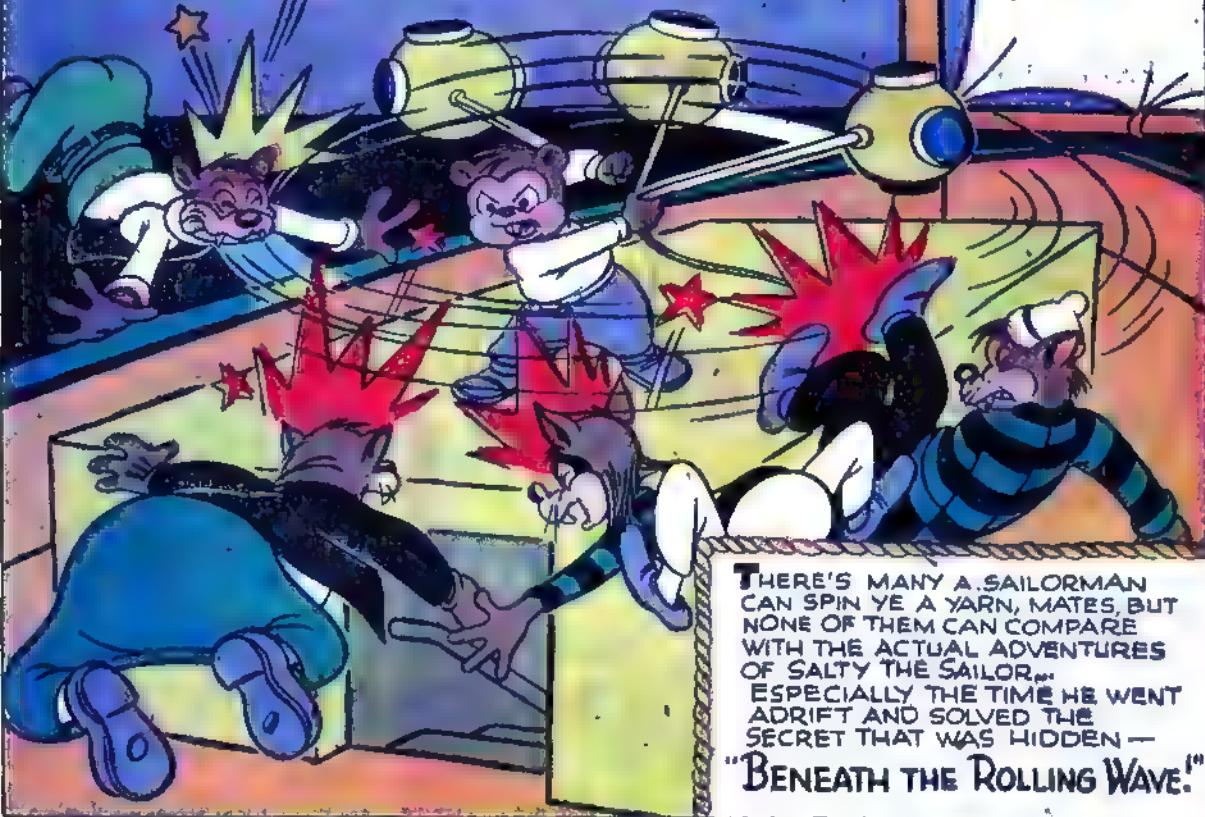
These 6 new pictures make 12 so far. Lions, tigers, elephants, and dogs in addition to those shown. Get the whole collection. Start yours right away! Swap duplicates with your friends.

Measures  
up to 4½ in.  
by 2½ in.

GET ONE AS A PRIZE  
IN EVERY PACKAGE!



# SALTY THE SAILOR

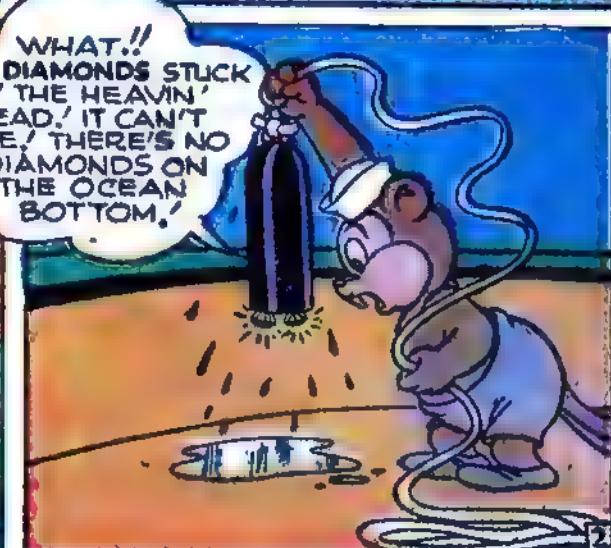
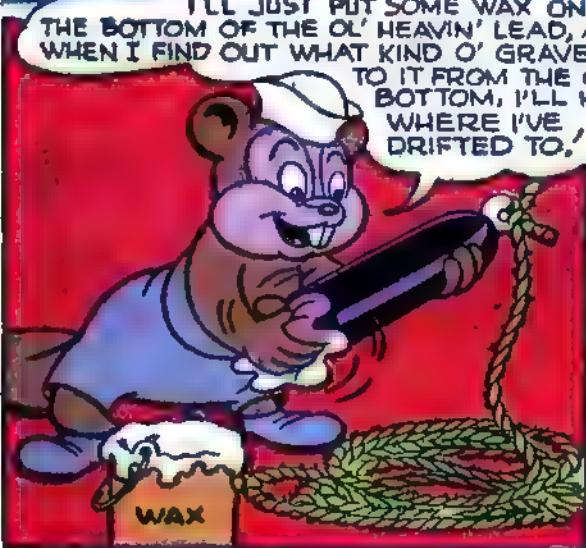
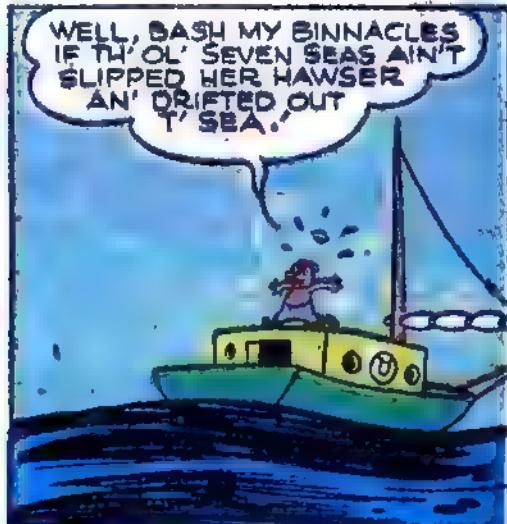


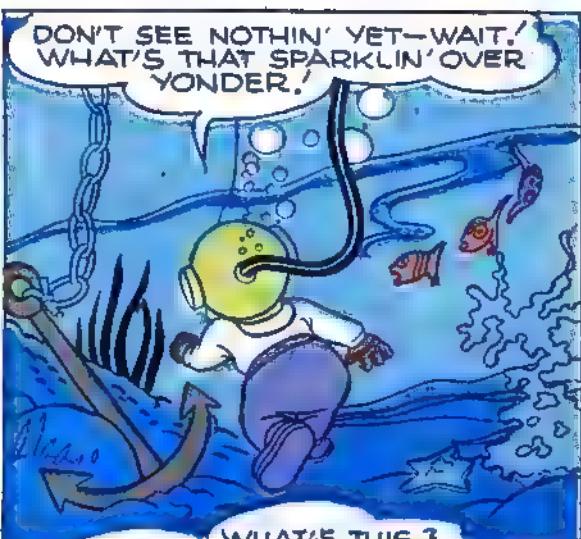
SALTY THE SAILOR TRIES TO KEEP AWAKE ON A DROWSY DAY...

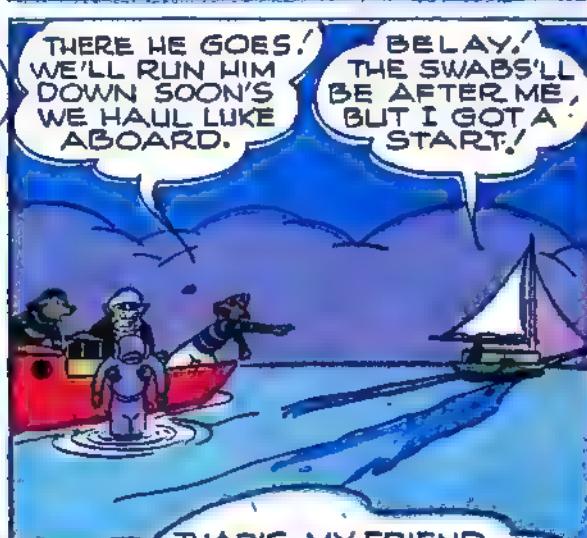
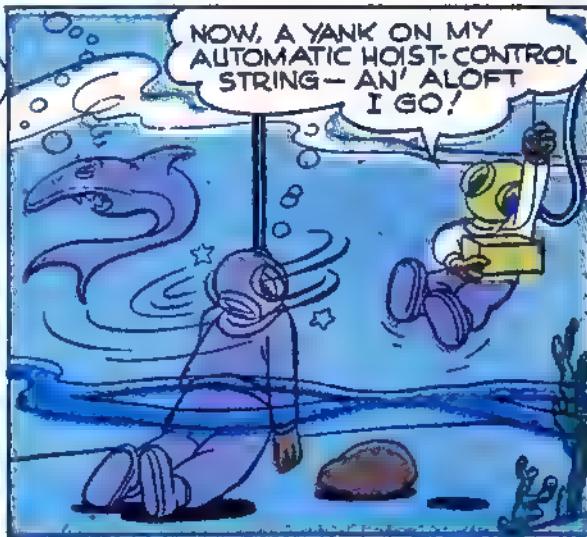
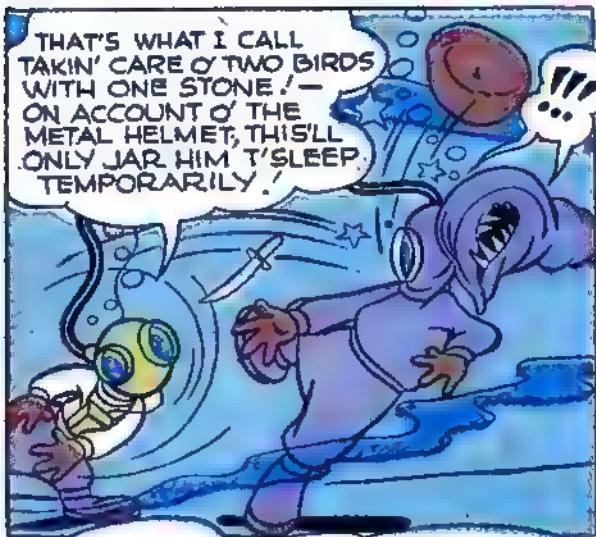
SURE COULD USE A LEETLE FORTY-WINK SNOOZE... WONDER WHO THOSE STRANGERS ARE, A-TYIN' UP T' THE WHARF? ...

TOUGH-LOOKIN' CREW... OH, WELL, IT'S NONE O' MY BUSINESS... Z-Z-Z-Z  
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z...









THIS HEAVIN' LEAD WON'T HURT HIM-BUT IT'LL MAKE HIM PLENTY MAD... I HOPE!



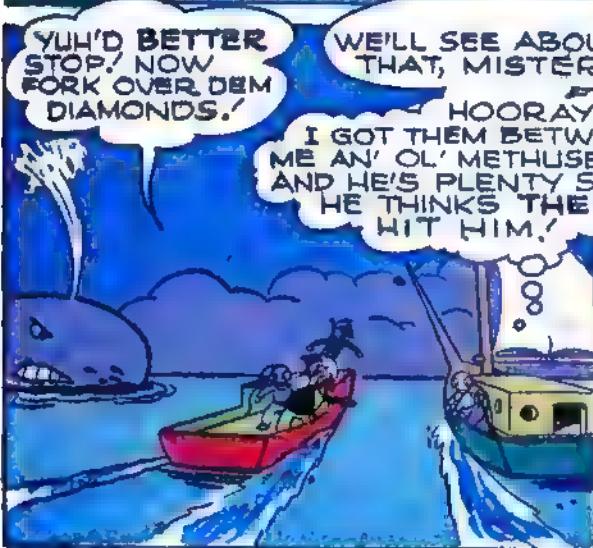
AH! GOT HIM, NOW IF I CAN VEER OFF MY COURSE AND LOWER SAIL ALL OF A SUDDEN...



YUH'D BETTER STOP! NOW FORK OVER DEM DIAMONDS!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MISTER!

I GOT THEM BETWEEN ME AN' OL' METHUSELAH, AND HE'S PLENTY SORE... HE THINKS THEY HIT HIM!



EEEEEYOWW!  
WE'RE LOST.

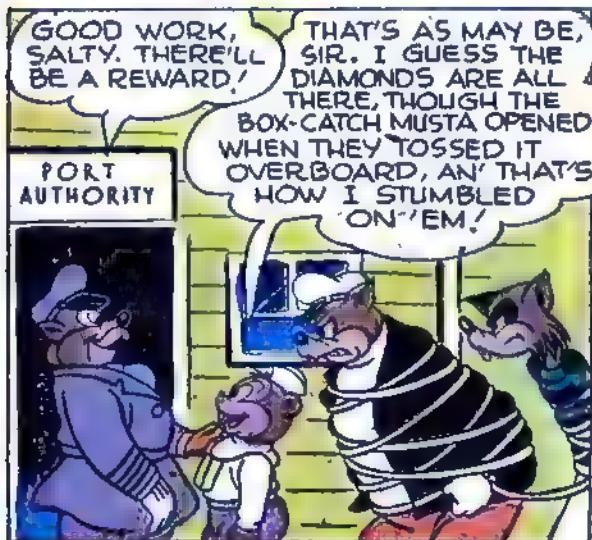
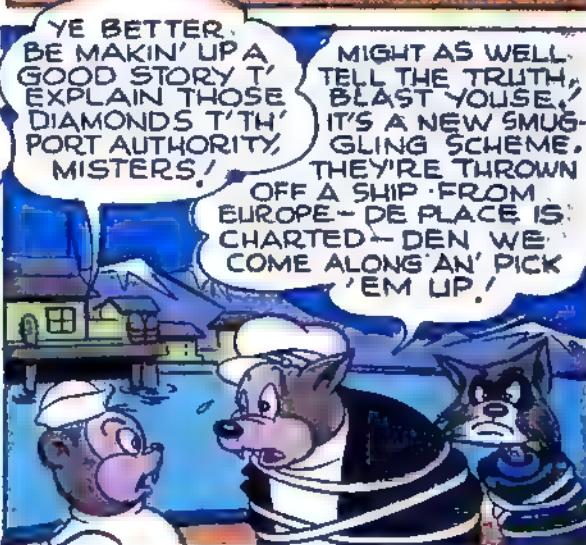
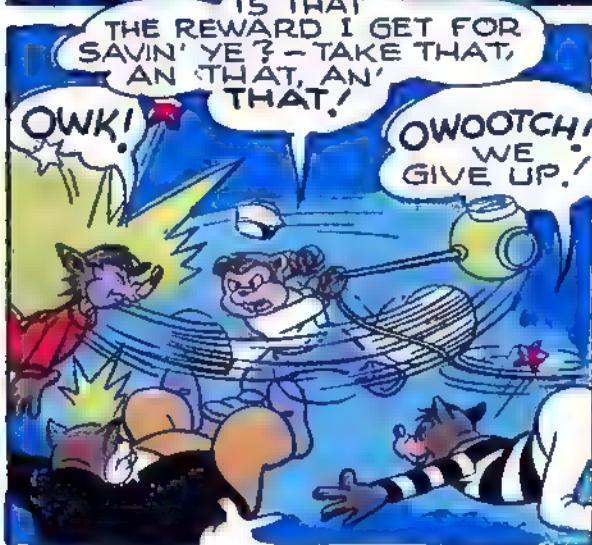


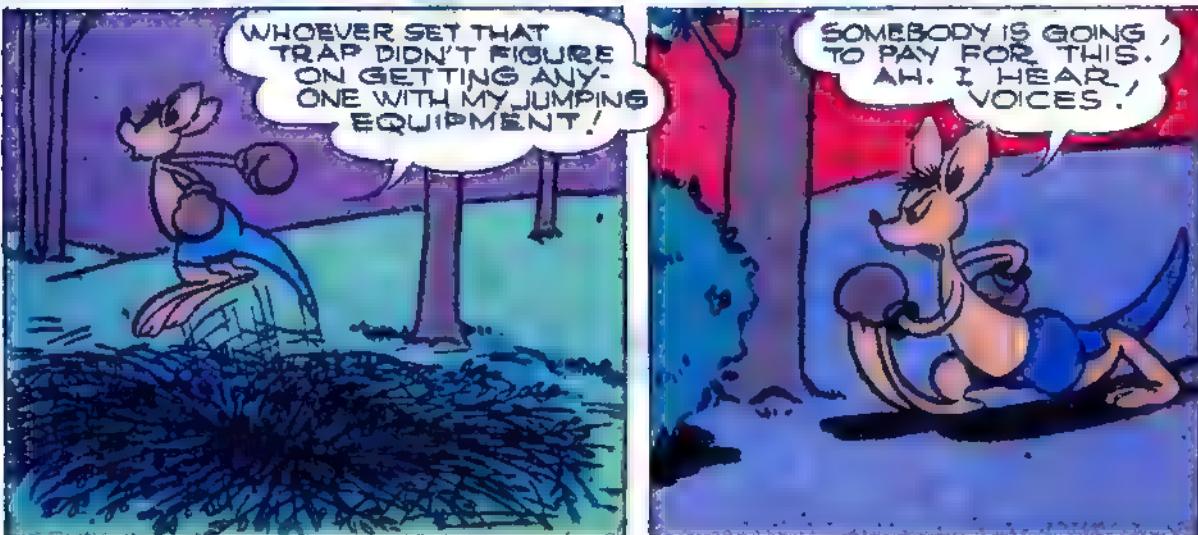
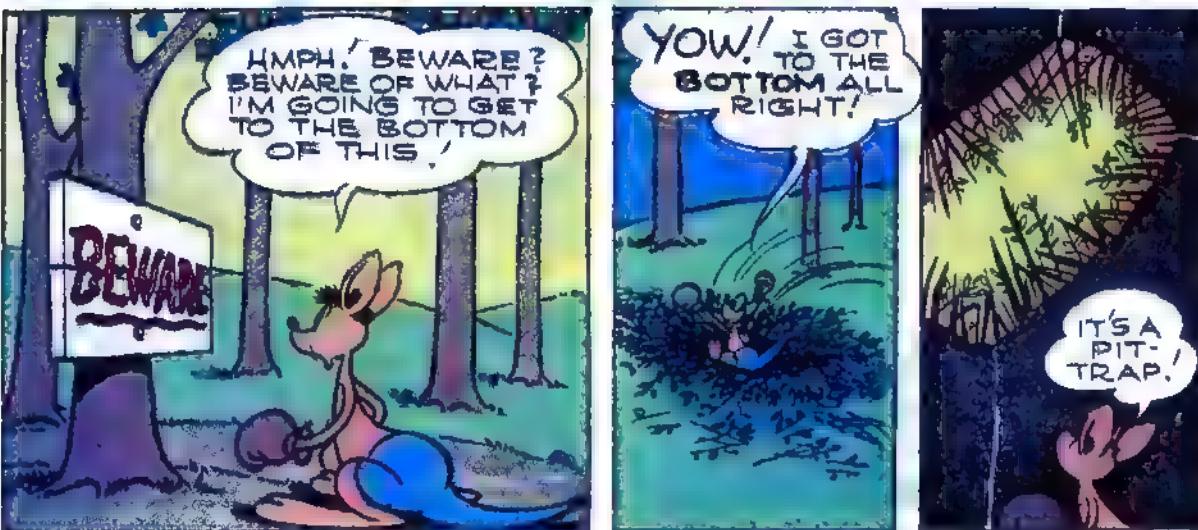
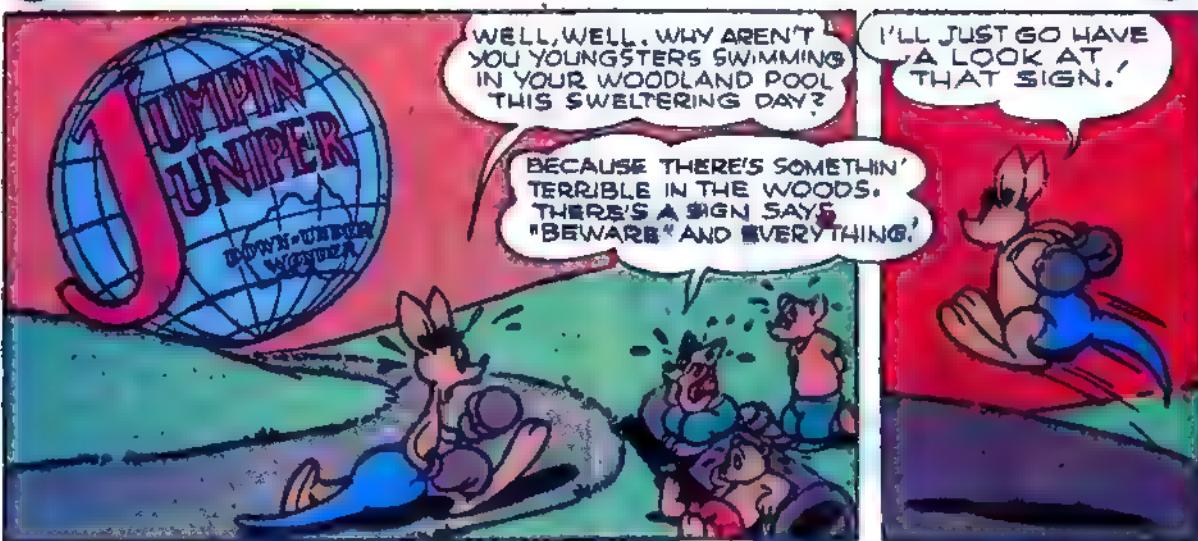
YIIIEEEK!

**CRASH!**

LISTEN T' TH' SWABS SQUAWK!-NO SPUNK, THAT'S WHAT!







HA! HA! HA! DAT SIGN KEEPS  
DE KIDS AWAY, AN' WE HAVE  
DA POOL ALL TO OURSELVES  
FOR FISHIN'!

YEAH, AN' LOOK AT JUMPIN'  
JUNIPER - HE AINT GOOD  
ENOUGH AT SWIMMIN'  
TO GIT US.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT  
THAT, MY FRIENDS!

HA! HA! BET  
HE'LL SINK LIKE  
A ROCK!

YOW! HE'S USIN' HIS TAIL  
FER A SURFBOARD,  
AN' HIS BOXIN' GLOVES  
FER PADDLE WHEELS!

NEXT TIME I  
PASS, GRAB MY  
TAIL AND I'LL TOW  
YOU TO SHORE!

YIEEEE! HE'S  
SWAMPIN' US!

Y-Y-YOW!  
ALL PART OF THE  
PUNISHMENT, MY  
FRIEND. THOSE WHO  
DEAL IN TRICKERY  
AND SELFISHNESS  
MUST TAKE THEIR  
MEDICINE!

YIPEEEE FOR JUMPIN'  
JUNIPER!

FROM  
NOW ON,  
WE'RE  
LEADIN'  
CHANGED  
LIVES.

I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN WHEN  
YOU'RE DRIED OFF - BUT  
LET THIS TEACH YOU TO  
RESPECT THE RIGHTS  
OF OTHERS!

# SPYLOT BONES

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS," AND PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN "GLASS HOUSES SHOULDN'T THROW STONES"—BUT WHICH IS THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS ANYBODY'S GUESS! ANYWAY, LET'S SEE WHY SPYLOT BONES AND DR. SPOTSEM GOT SO EXCITED OVER "THE GREAT GLASS-AND-GOLD CRISIS!"



DR. SPOTSEM HURRIES HOME TO FAKER STREET...

DASHED RAW DAY... IT'LL BE GOOD TO HAVE A FIRESIDE SPOT OF TEA WITH SPYLOT BONES!

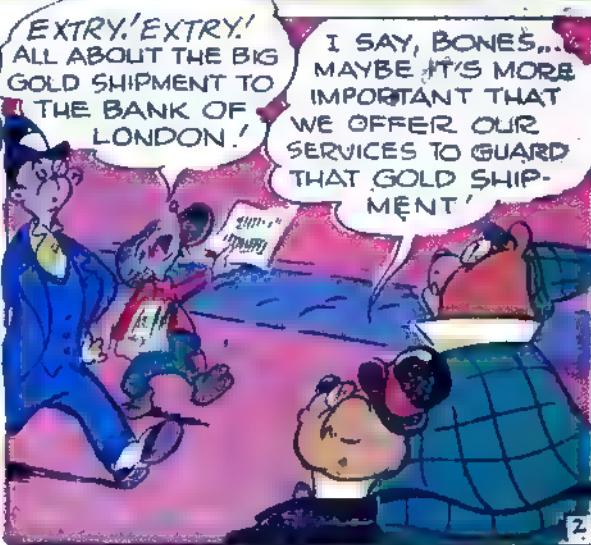
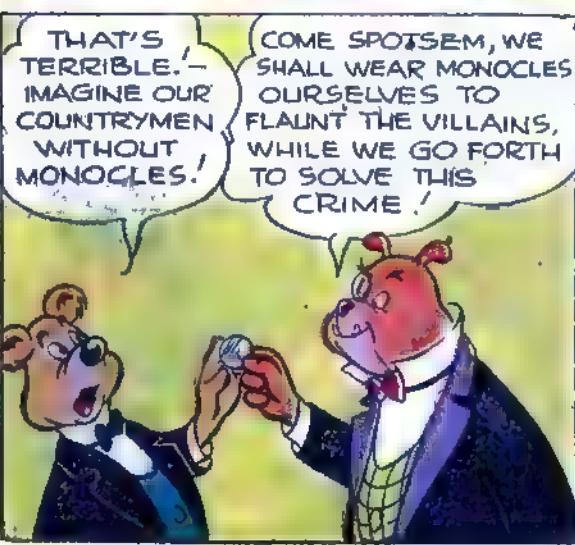
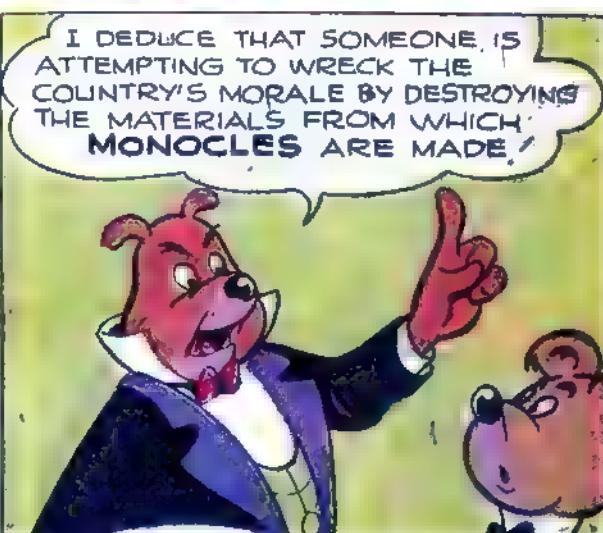
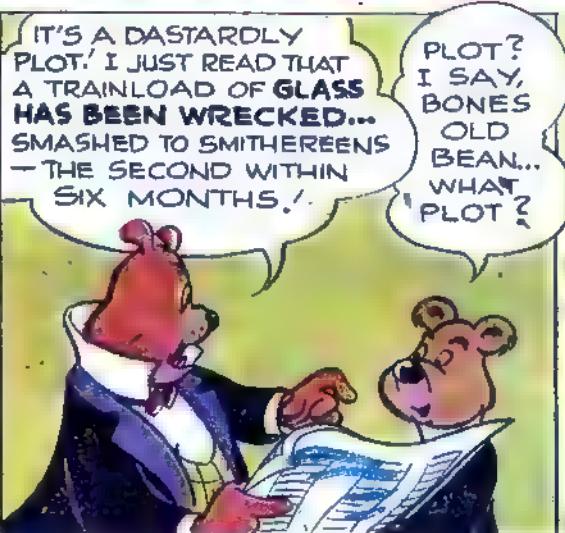
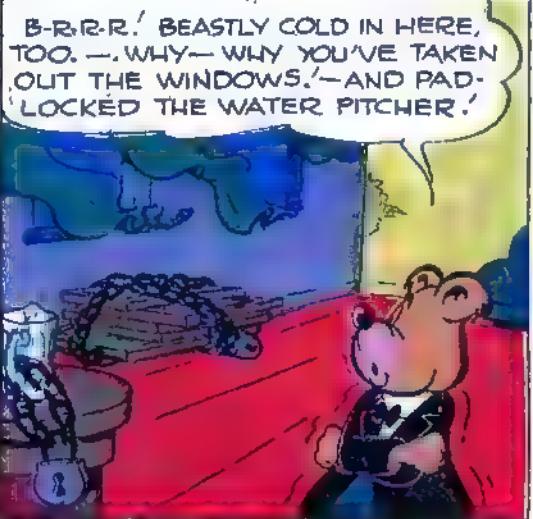


I SAY, BONES OLD CHAP, NASTY WEATHER, WHAT?

QUIET, SPOTSEM! I'M CONCENTRATING!

YOU GOTTA  
ELIMINATE THE  
NEGATIVE





NONSENSE, SPOTSEM.  
WHAT IS MERE GOLD  
BESIDE OUR MISSION...  
J'DOO, LORD CLAYFACE!

J'DOO,  
BONES...  
J'DOO,  
DR. SPOTSEM!

WE MUST GO TO THE  
YARDS OF THE RAILROAD  
THAT HAD THE WRECK!

BUT...



NO "BUTS" MY DEAR  
SPOTSEM. I KNOW MY  
BUSINESS...  
J'DOO, SIR,  
KUMFRENCE.

J'DOO, GENTLEMEN.  
BLINKIN' WEATHER  
WE'RE HAVIN' WHAT,  
WHAT, WHAT, !  
WHAT!

HAAA! THE FREIGHT YARDS  
AT LAST, MY DEAR SPOTSEM!

LEAD ON, BONES,  
OLD BEAN!

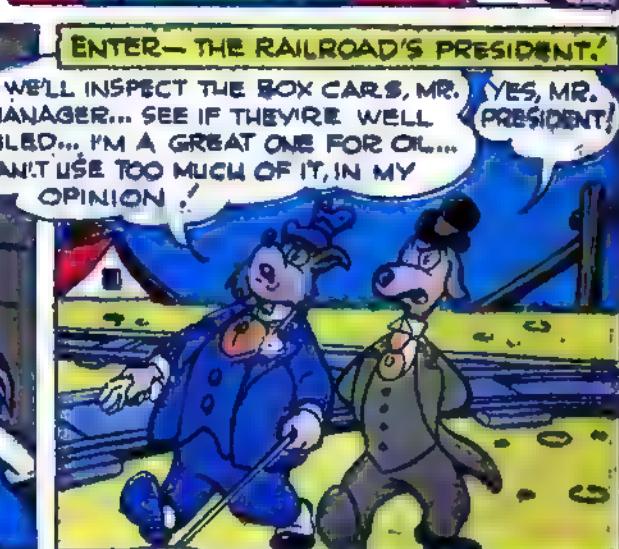
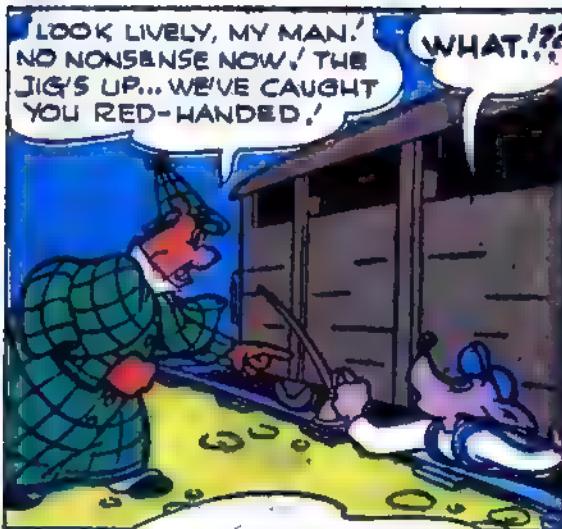


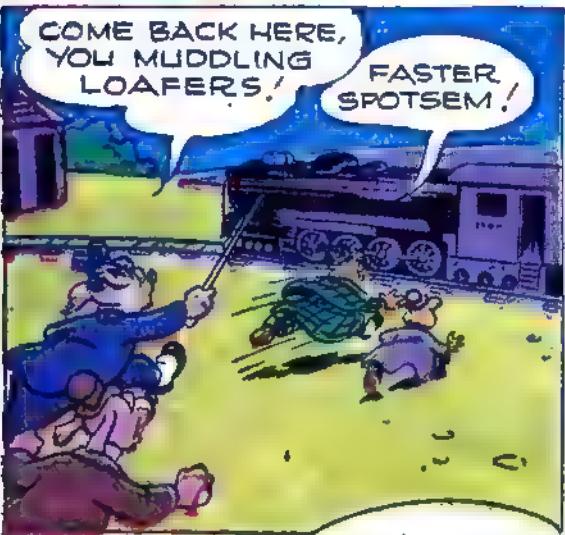
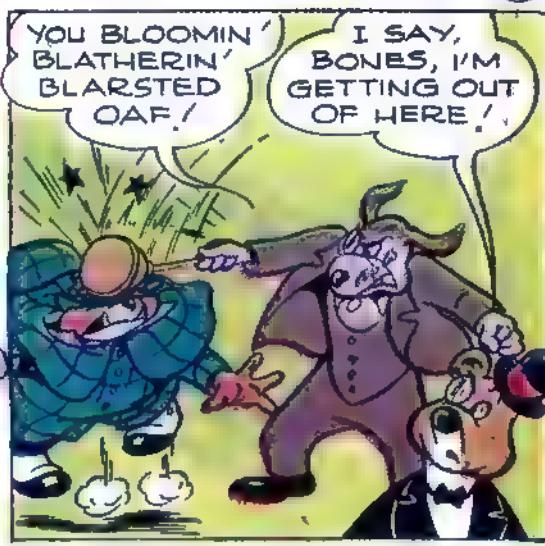
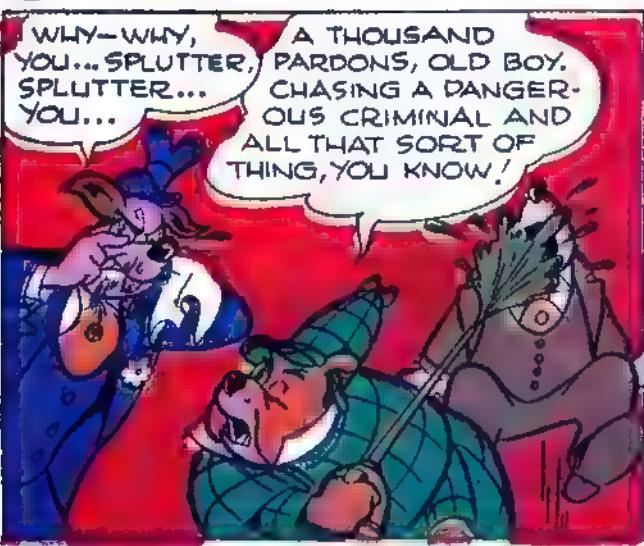
WELL, THE SQUIRT-BUTTON  
WORKS ALL RIGHT... THE  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD'S  
COMIN' ON AN INSPECTION  
TOUR...

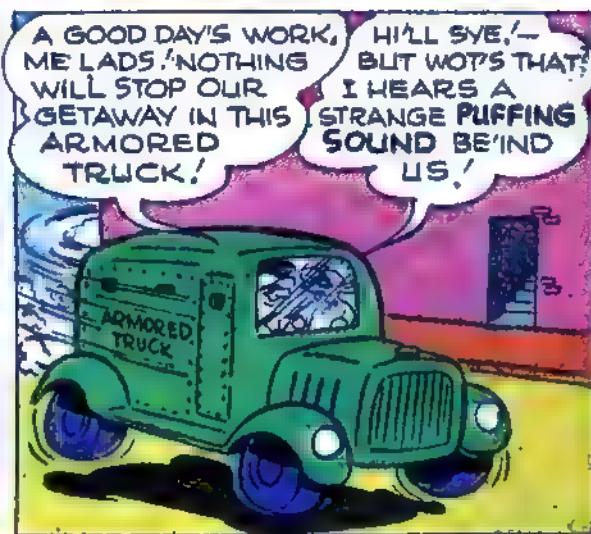
NOW I'LL CRAWL  
UNDERNEATH TO SEE  
THAT EVERYTHING'S  
ALL RIGHT!

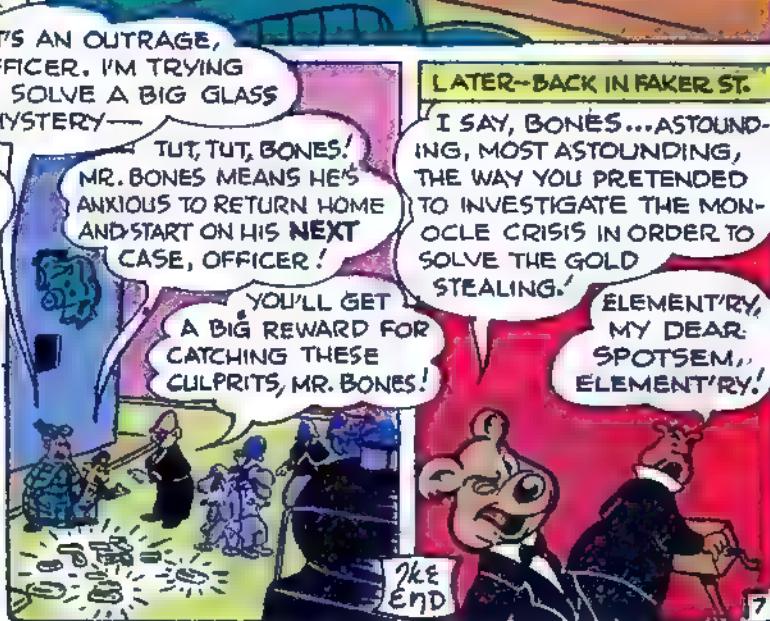
PS-S-ST! WE'RE IN LUCK,  
SPOTSEM. OBSERVE YON  
CRIMINAL ABOUT TO SNEAK  
BENEATH THE CAR!

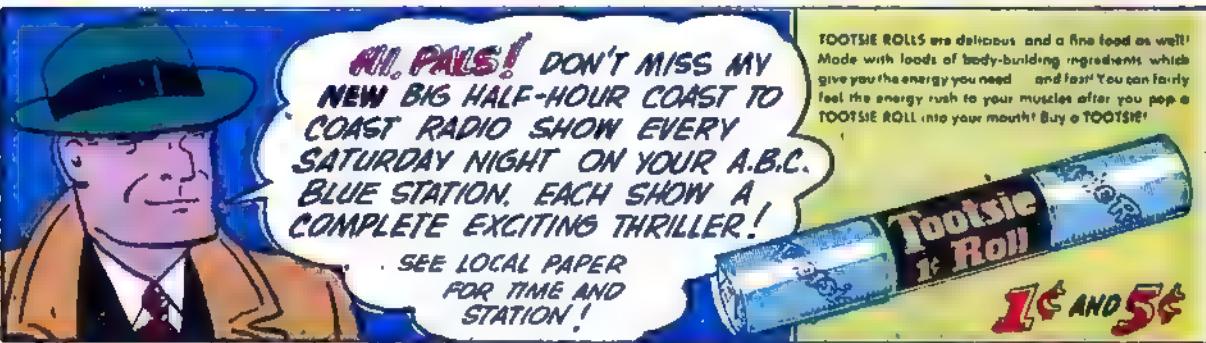














# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE  
by JESSE MERLAN •

## HOW THE DEER GOT SUCH BIG HORMS

UP in his favorite tree, Patrick Parrot was examining his feathers and picking out the frayed and worn ones that wouldn't be much good against the cold. A bright little squirrel frisking by called up to Pat: "You don't have to worry about the weather, Patrick. All you have to do when it gets cold is to talk a blue streak and you can keep yourself cozy with hot air. Hohoho!"

P. Parrot didn't care too much for that remark so before the squirrel could get away, Pat bounced an acorn down on his impudent head.

Patrick chuckled softly. "Aworrl! That'll teach you not to go makin' fun about P. Parrot and his gift of gab. When I tell a story, it isn't just hot air. It's the truth. That is, the truth as I remember it . . ."

Suddenly, Patrick was interrupted by a sharp, clacking sound that cut right through the regular, busy little noises of the autumn forest. It sounded like some boy running a big stick along a slatted fence. CLACK-ETY - CLACK - CLACK - CLACK! Patrick Parrot and all the forest folk around his tree paused in their

work and listened more closely. And then came two sharp noises, like the banging thwacks made by a long stick beating a rug on a line. BINGG! BINGG! and immediately after that came the long and mournful and drawn-out quavering howl of a wolf in anguish.

Patrick knew what it was right away. Those CLACKETY-CLACKS had told him their story. "All right, folks," he called down to the listeners below. "I'll read those signals for you. Those CLACKS must have been Danny Deer trying out his brand new horns on a row of trees. Danny's always practicing with his proud new weapons. And from the sound of that last howl, I think he's been teaching Wally the Wolf a lesson in manners."

Sure enough, the very next instant a big gray wolf dashed across the clearing under Patrick's tree and let out another howl of pain. "Danny Deer took two socks at me! And all I tried to do was to go up and speak to him!"

Pat Parrot snorted. "Hmppff! Since when have hungry wolves gotten around to sneaking up on a meek deer just to say hel-

lo? Wally, I think you deserve those two blows you got."

From under a bush nearby, Philo Fox piped up, glad of the chance to say a few good words for himself. "Well, it's about time Patrick got around to scolding somebody else besides a fox. Pat's always trying to convince people that I . . . ahem . . . chase around after Farmer Brown's chickens. But I'm proud to say that I wouldn't pick on a nice, timid deer." Philo Fox grinned with pleasure.

At this point, Denny Deer himself joined the conversation. He poked the noble spread of his hard horns over the top of a nearby bush and looked about and down at everybody and the squirrels and the hurt wolf. Wally, still massaging his aching side, looked up with respect and fear at the hard, sharp points of Danny's spreading antlers. They really made a terrific sword-and-stick weapon when Danny swung them about. But the deer's voice was soft and low and friendly.

"Just keep away from Mrs. Deer and the children, Wally. I don't like people with sharp teeth around my family. And if I ever catch you . . ."

Patrick Parrot tried to smooth things over. "Well, everything's all right now, and I'm sure that Wally won't come too close next time. Which reminds me . . . How would you folks like to hear about how the first deer grew his horns? It's quite a fable . . . I mean . . . a true story."

Everybody was willing to listen, and Danny Deer was especially eager to hear about his ancient ancestors. Dan cocked his head and horns up at Pat. "You mean that once there was a deer without horns? Really?"

"ARRKK! Of course," replied Pat. "A full-grown Dan-Ancestor Deer with a head as smooth and hornless as a squirrel's."

All the forest people shushed, and Patrick went on. "Long, long millions of years ago there was a deer without horns. And that wasn't all he didn't have. In those days, the deer family and that two-legged fellow named man were a lot more chummy than they are now. Ancestor-Deer would go down to visit with man and eat hay from his barns and play with his children. (As a matter of fact, some reindeer are still pretty friendly with the north woods-men named Santa Claus.)

"Sure," broke in Danny Deer, "a couple of northern friends of mine were telling me about some reindeer who pull a sled for Mr. Claus every Christmas. Pat's right."

Patrick beamed with pride. It always made him feel good

to have anyone verify even the slightest fact in any of his stories. Puffing out his chest, Pat continued. "About what that Ancestor-Deer didn't have . . . he didn't have horns and he didn't have any money one day for buying any more hay from the farmer's barn. You see, men had invented a system of cash payment for everything and that one day found Ancestor-Dan without a cent on him.

"So this penniless deer went around to a farmer's house and stuck his head in the window. The ancestor-farmer and his friends were having a party and Danny was hoping he could get the key for the hay storehouse. But when he poked his head into the party, one of the men guests there put an ancient fur hat right over Danny's eyes. Just hung it there

"This ancient Danny started to snort in indignation and back away, but the ancient man quickly calmed his fears and promised him an extra helping of tender hay if only Danny would act as a new invention. A . . . a hatrack. (Up till that time hatracks hadn't been invented and men were awfully uncomfortable always holding their hats in their hands.)

"Well, Ancestor-Danny stood there all that night and at one time he had seventeen hats, three canes and two umbrellas hung on him. He balanced them all on his head and his neck and his two front hooves and that's what started that first deer to growing horns. He figured that if he grew horns with enough widely spaced points on them, he could make a pile of money as a hat-check concession at human parties. So he did just that. Rubbed and pulled and scratched and yanked behind his ears till he sprouted a grand spread of horns and he became a hat-rack millionaire, and that's why deer have horns." Pat finished his story with "Of course, modern deer use their horns for defense against wolves and foxes."



And as Dick Deer bounded away to do just that, the forest folk went back to their tasks. And Philo Fox muttered under his breath "I still don't believe those P Parrot fables. And some day I'm going to catch him in a lie, a fib, and a whopper. I hope, I hope, I hope."



When Patrick Parrot stopped talking, smart-cracking Philo Fox was the first of the audience to speak. "Whoever heard of a deer acting as a hatrack?" scoffed Philo scornfully. And just then his answer came even before Patrick Parrot could squawk.

For Danny Deer's cousin, Dicky Deer, poked his head and horns into the forest gathering. And every eye popped in astonishment and even Philo Fox had to keep still. For hanging from the two lower points of Cousin Dick's antlers were a derby hat, a silk scarf and a man's umbrella.

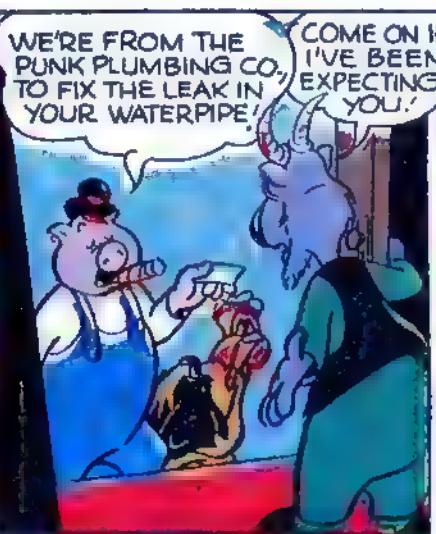
"Look what happened to me," excitedly babbled Dick Deer. "I just poked my head into Farmer Brown's hall window" and look what he hung on me! He must have thought I was a hatrack."

Patrick chuckled with glee. "So THAT proves THAT story." And then Pat turned to Dick Deer. "Just take that stuff back and drop it in Farmer Brown's window, Dick Deer. You don't need any money, so why hire yourself out as a hatrack?"

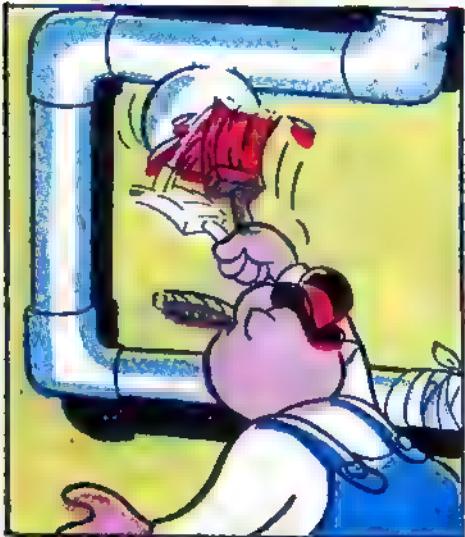
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# INFLATED TROUBLE



COME ON IN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



Two  
End

# PELICAN PETE

FISH SHOULD SWIM  
AND BIRDS SHOULD FLY — BUT SUPPOSE  
SOME BIRD WON'T TRY? THAT'S A PROBLEM,  
AND A PROBLEM ALWAYS BRINGS OUT  
PELICAN PETE! WATCH PETE AND  
HIS GADGET: PACKED POUCH AS  
HE ZOOMS INTO THE CASE OF  
"The UN-FLYING EAGLE!"



FISH SWIMMING,  
POLKS WALKING, BIRDS  
ZOOMING — EVERYTHING  
SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT!

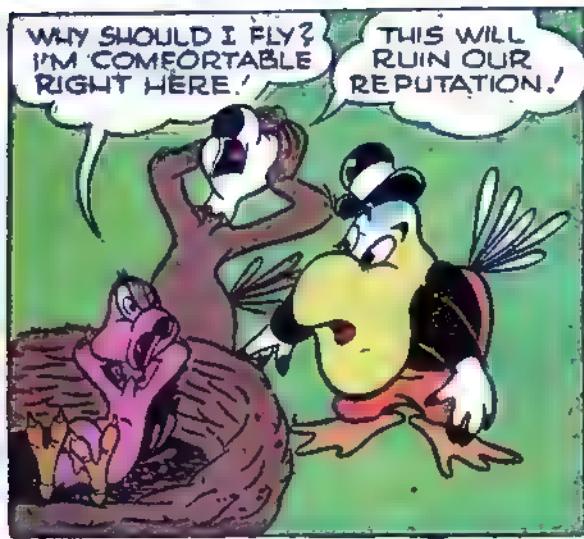
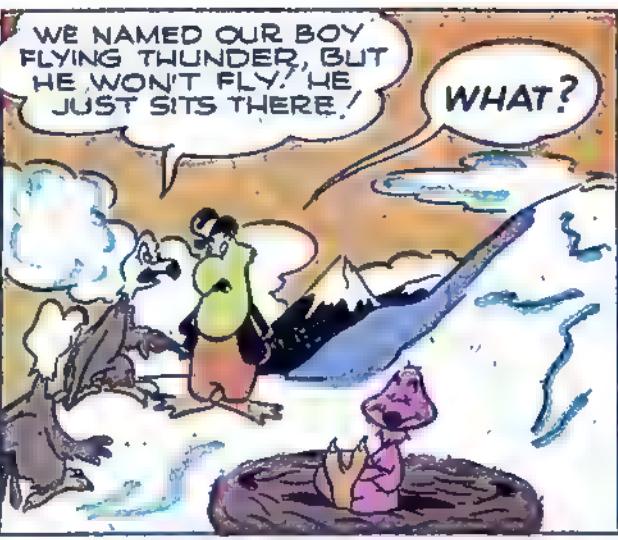
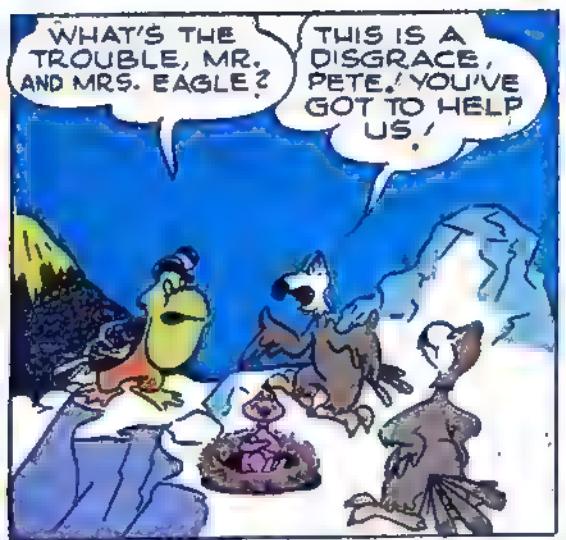


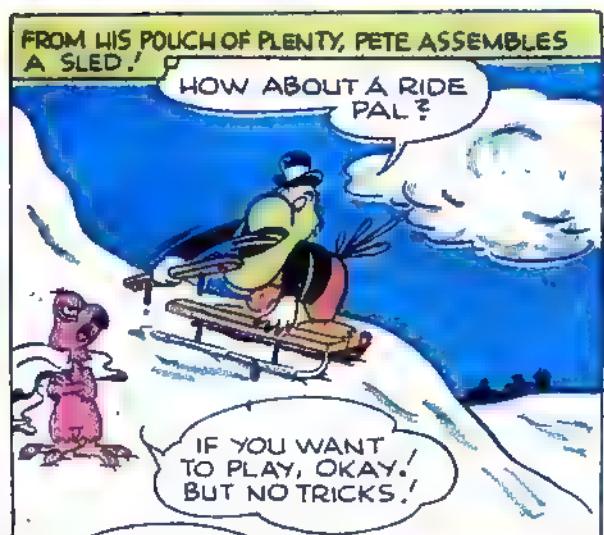
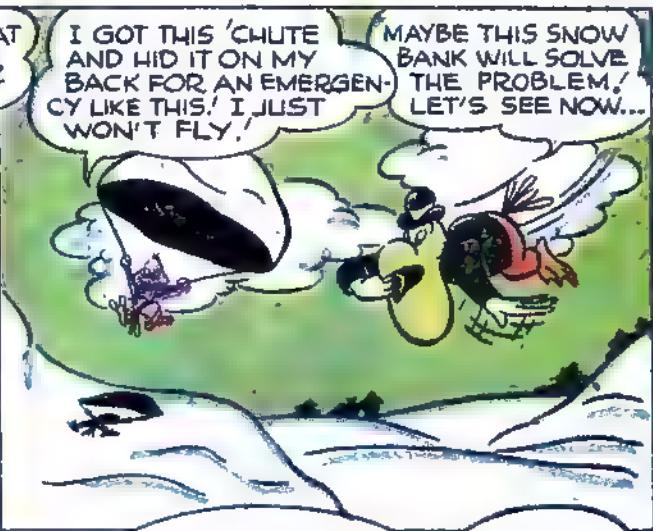
BUT...

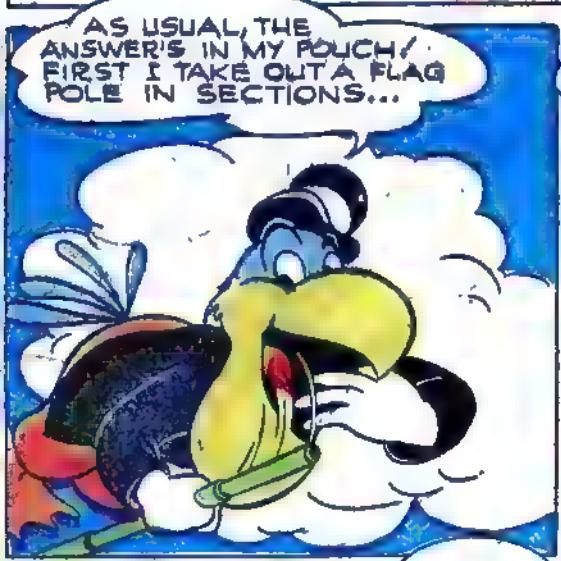
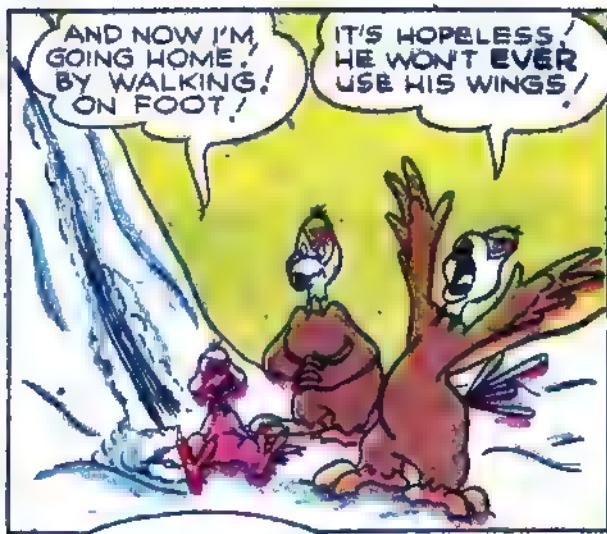
HELP!  
HE WON'T DO IT.  
HELP!

HAH! — TROUBLE!









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REGISTERED  
U.S. PAT. OFF.

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AND A NICKEL



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For Only 5 BAGS and A Nickel!

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Showing Prizes and Number  
of Bags Needed for Each



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Chicago 10, Ill., 400 W. Ohio Street  
Los Angeles 23, Cal., 2744 E. 11th St.  
Atlanta, Ga., 325 Elizabeth St. N.E.

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AND A NICKEL



### SURPRISE SET No. 4

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# KING OSCAR'S COURT

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE... BUT NOT WHEN THEY'RE ON YOUR ENEMY, WHO'S A GIANT IN THE BARGAIN! THAT'S WHAT KING OSCAR AND HIS ROUND TABLE KNIGHTS LEARN ERE THEY QUELL... "THE TITANIC TERROR!"



THE COURT OF KING OSCAR — WHERE GOODE QUEENE JENNIFER NEEDLES A WORK OF ART...

THIS TAPESTRY SHOWS OSCAR DIRECTING HIS MEN IN BATTLE FROM FOUR MILES AWAY.



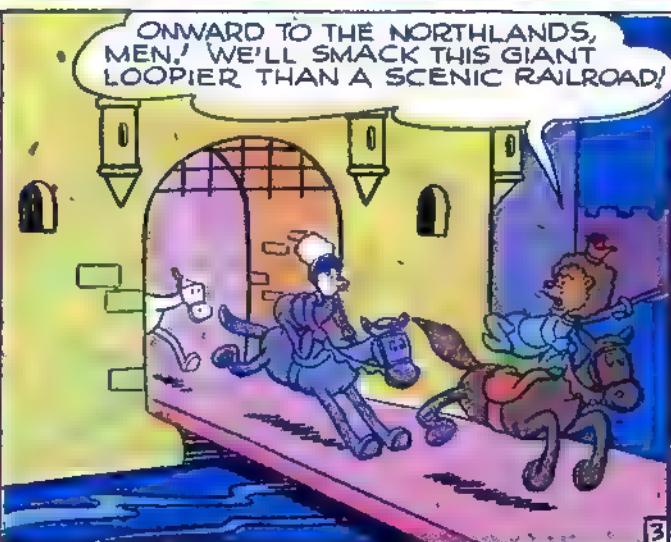
YOUR MAJESTY!  
A MESSENGER WAITS  
WITHOUT!

SEND HIM HITHER  
AT ONCE!



# LEADING COMICS

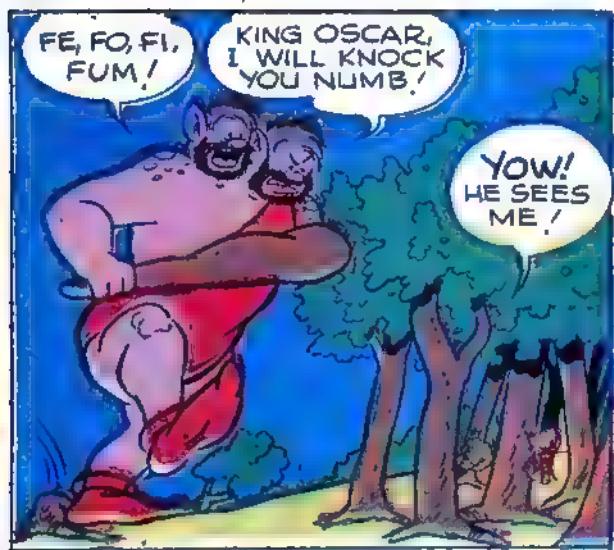


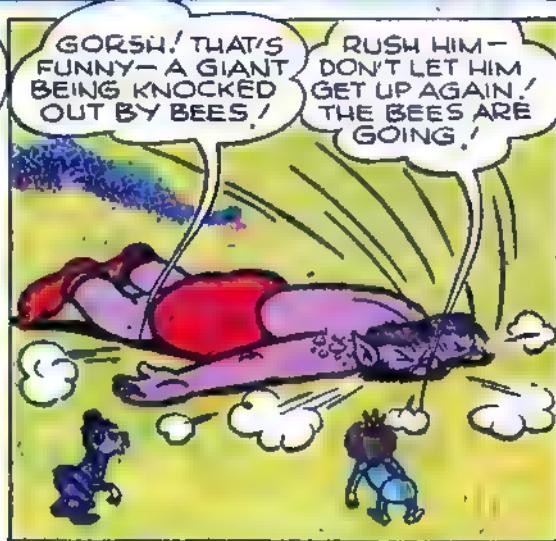
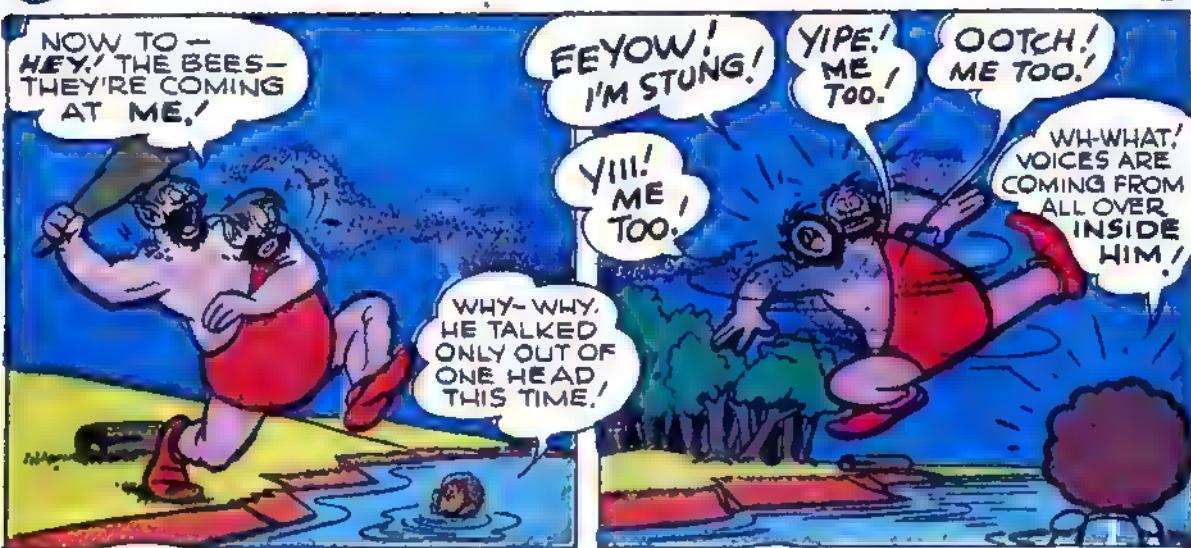


SOME TIME LATER...

FEE, FO,  
FI, FUM!I FORGET THE  
REST, BUT HERE  
I COME!SOME ONE CHANTIN' ONE  
O' THEM NURSERY RHYMES.  
HMPH! YUH'D THINK FOLKS  
HAD MORE T'DO!YOU DON'T  
THINK  
MUCH—OF US GIANTS,  
DO YOU?ULP!  
GULP!  
YEEEEEK!RUN FOR YOUR  
LIVES! A  
GIANT!YOW!,  
HELP!

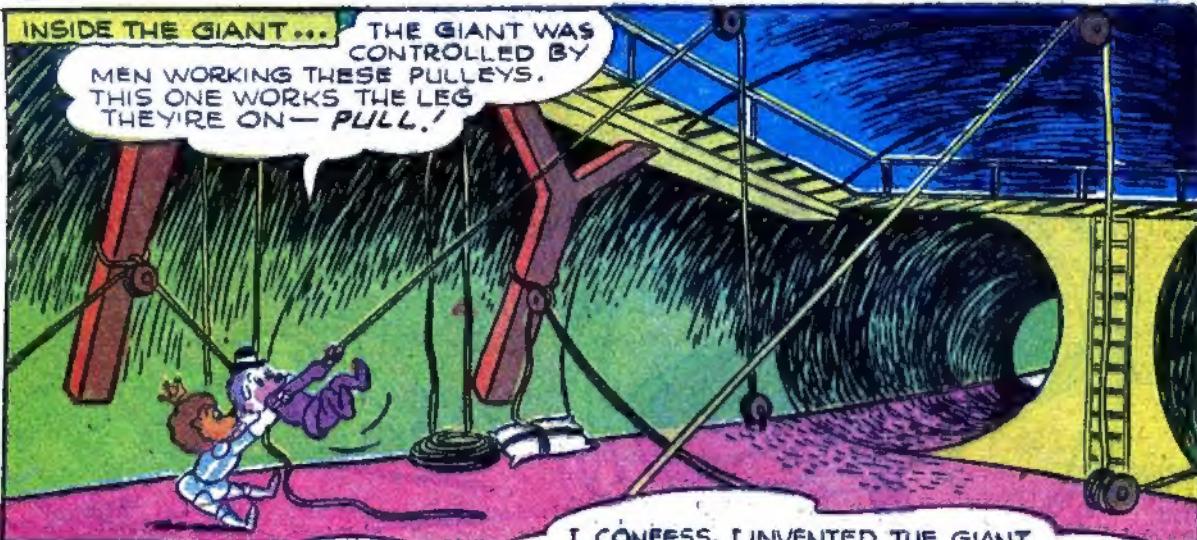






INSIDE THE GIANT ...

THE GIANT WAS  
CONTROLLED BY  
MEN WORKING THESE PULLEYS.  
THIS ONE WORKS THE LEG  
THEY'RE ON — PULL!

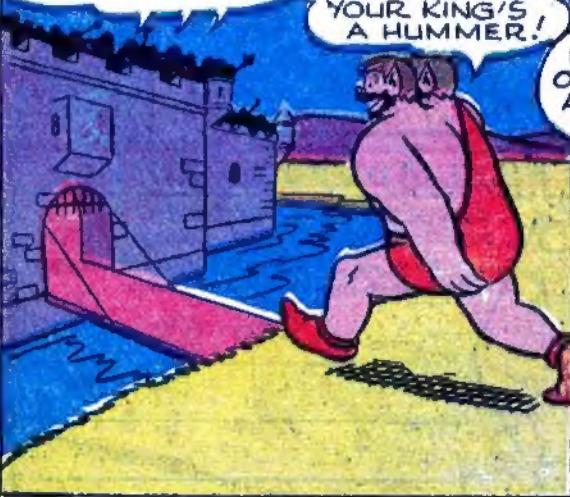


I CONFESS. I INVENTED THE GIANT  
TO CONQUER YOUR KINGDOM, AND I SAT IN THE  
UPPER PART AND TALKED THROUGH TWO MEGAPHONES,  
WHILE THE OTHERS WORKED THE PULLEY ROPE THAT  
MADE IT GO! BUT—MERCY! WE'LL BE YOUR  
SUBJECTS FOR LIFE!



WOWIE  
FOR KING OSCAR!  
HE CAPTURED THE  
ARTIFICIAL GIANT!

FEE, FI, FO  
FUMMER—I'M  
GLAD YOU KNOW  
YOUR KING'S  
A HUMMER!



AND THAT NIGHT AT THE ROUND TABLE ...  
ANOTHER MUG OF COCO-  
NUT MILK TO BRAVE KING  
OSCAR WHO CONQUERED  
AND TAMED A TWO-  
HEADED GIANT!

OH,  
OSCAR—  
YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL!

NOT BAD,  
M'LOVE—  
NOT  
BAD AT  
ALL!



the  
END

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LIKE  
THE  
EARTH

SEEMS TO  
DEFY THE LAWS  
OF NATURE

GET THE AMAZING

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**BEAT THE  
JAPS!**



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SIDeways

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Town \_\_\_\_\_

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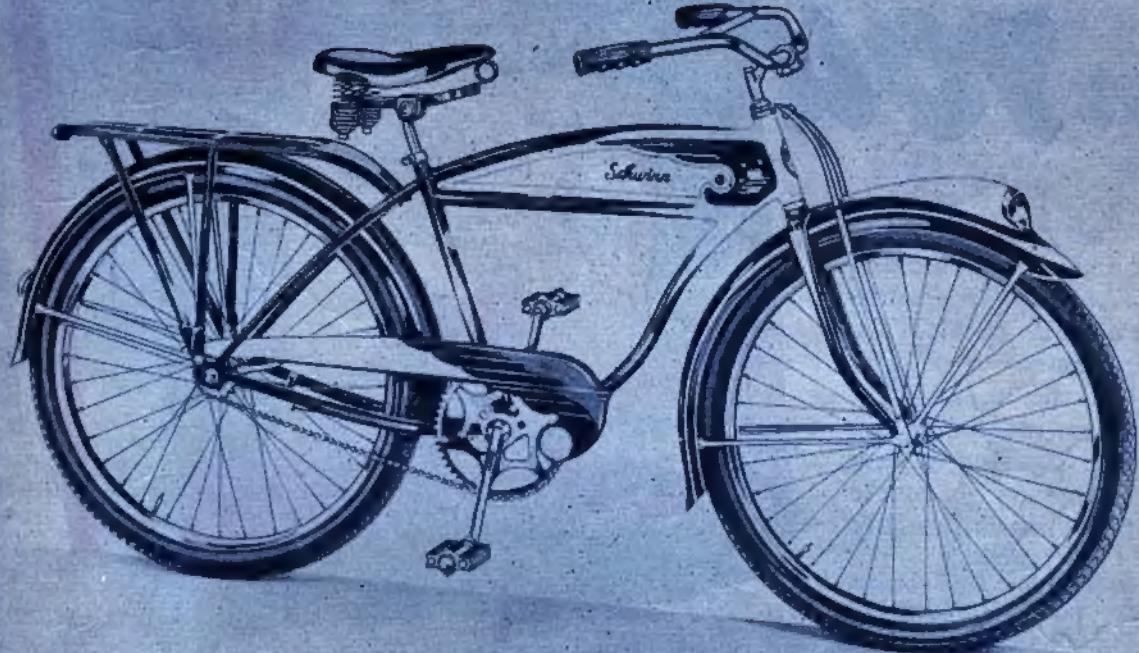
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DO TRICKS

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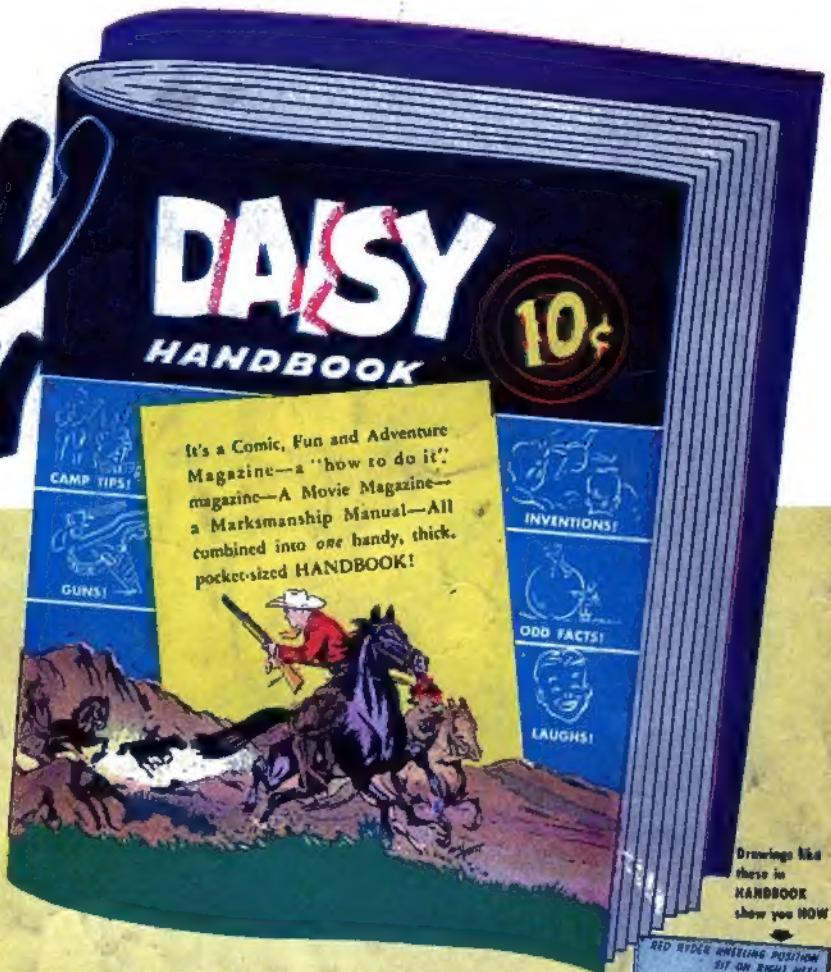


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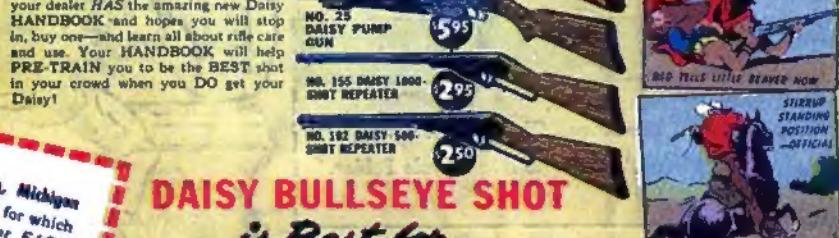
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